

VOL. X.-No. 250.

DECEMBER 21, 1881.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Suck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"



WAITING FOR EACH OTHER'S DEATH.

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)  
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50  
 One Copy, for 13 weeks.....1.25  
 (ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BRISTOL POSTAL TREATY.)  
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$6.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....3.00  
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.50  
 53 INCL. POSTAGE. "63"

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on Sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG & CO'S.,  
 AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and at  
 THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Bouverie  
 Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31, Renfield  
 Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin,  
 and on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Ger-  
 many, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

## FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 17 contains "A Daughter's Vow," a story of in-  
 tense power and romantic interest; "A Piazza Victory,"  
 by Arthur Lot, an ingeniously amusing tale; the second  
 part of "A Little Incident in the Southwest," which  
 closes this fine dramatic sketch; also the second and final  
 installment of Mr. Townsend Percy's "A Fair Amateur,"  
 the climax of which is unexpectedly powerful and uncon-  
 ventional. The number is finished with three more chap-  
 ters of "Bent, Not Broken," in which the interest is  
 sustained by the clever and faithful delineation of life in  
 one of America's greatest colleges. A new novel, by the  
 author of "Jeanne," dealing, unlike its predecessor, with  
 phases of high life in New York, is announced to begin  
 in the Christmas number, where other attractions are  
 promised.

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

### FOR 1882

will be given, in the first week in January, to its  
 millions of prospective readers.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

## PUCKOGRAPH No. 8,

BY

JOSEPH KEPPLER,

which accompanies this number as a gratuitous supple-  
 ment, is that of

ADELINA PATTI,

THE EVERLASTING PRIMA-DONNA.

## CONTENTS:

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.  
 PUCK'S Prize Christmas Stories.  
 PUCKINGS.  
 Chanson du Grand Cochon—poem—Rettop.  
 Mr. Smith's Clock—R. K. Munkittrick.  
 A Delicate Question of Taste—illustrated.  
 A Crepuscular Revery—R. K. M.  
 One Peculiarity of the Holiday Season—illustrated.  
 A "Chili" Reception—illustrated.  
 His Contribution.  
 "One Having Authority"—John Dixwell, M.D.  
 FITZMOODIE IN AMERICA—No. CCIII.  
 Disappointed—illustrated.  
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.  
 An Aspirant—Ruff Daubs.  
 Rhymes for Book Buyers.  
 AMUSEMENTS.  
 Probable—illustrated.  
 The Joshua-a of It—poem—Slowcus.  
 LITERARY NOTES.  
 MARRIED MISERIES—No. XXIII.—Arthur Lot.  
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

FOR a dramatically effective exit, commend  
 us to that of Mr. James G. Blaine. He  
 goes out of office as a well-directed  
 boomerang leaves the thrower's hand, only to  
 return with redoubled force. He steps grace-  
 fully out of a cabinet position, and in a delicate  
 way the country is given to understand that he  
 means to have a cabinet of his own in 1884—  
 or rather in 1885. His ambition in '84 is the  
 control of a convention. And there is no deny-  
 ing the fact that Mr. Blaine's chances are, as  
 political chances go, very good. He has not

an absolutely unblemished record, and few  
 people believe that the sole motive of his life  
 has been an unselfish patriotism; but he is a  
 man of wonderful tact and cleverness, and he  
 has a faculty for making friends—and not  
 simply friends in a limited personal sense, either  
 —which amounts to a genius. If brains ever  
 made a man President of the United States,  
 brains will make Mr. Blaine President. He has  
 set his heart upon that dignity, and nothing but  
 death, a miracle or a sunstroke will keep him  
 from it.

There are two or three miracles which we  
 would gladly see worked in this country. There  
 is that great miracle, which always seems near  
 at hand, yet which never seems nearer—the  
 miracle of a great popular awakening to a  
 healthy political life. We have looked for it,  
 we have worked for it, we have predicted it;  
 yet it lingers in the darkness of a doubtful fu-  
 ture. With excellent and well-established in-  
 stitutions; with clever men enough and honest  
 men enough, all allowed fair scope for their  
 powers and their virtues, with a prosperous and  
 peaceful country, America endures a Govern-  
 ment that is a disgrace to modern civilization.  
 We see corruption and mismanagement in office  
 all about us; we find these things accepted as  
 matters of course, winked at, laughed at, and  
 overlooked. And we submit to it all. Is it not  
 a disgrace indeed, that we should talk about  
 electing to the highest office in the nation a  
 man of whom an honest, unprejudiced and un-  
 biased journal has to say that although he is  
 clever and strong, "he has not an absolutely  
 unblemished record"? An absolutely unblem-  
 ished record! Why, a statesman's record should  
 be as unblemished as a woman's should be.  
 And yet it is very possible that we shall find  
 the man of whom this is said the very best man  
 whom it is possible to put at the head of our  
 Government in 1884. Is it not time for a mir-  
 acle?

Mr. Blaine has seen fit to go down South to  
 enlarge his circle of acquaintances, and we trust  
 he will not find in the Southern heart that ob-  
 durable silver churn which can alone resist his  
 genial magnetism. But politics in the South  
 are queer—very queer. Save in Virginia, where  
 there is a financial bone to be quarreled over,  
 all through the Southern States there is a most  
 ridiculous fighting of extinct Satans. For sev-  
 eral years the two parties there fought over the  
 dead issues of the war. Now they are fighting  
 over the dead issues of *that* fight. It is a battle  
 now between the children of the "unrecon-  
 structed" and the ghosts of the carpet-baggers.  
 A more absurd fight was never waged. The  
 Count de Chambord is a lively and important  
 factor in French politics, if he be compared  
 with the men who are throwing away their votes,  
 their energy, and their enthusiasm, down South,  
 eeping up a battle so futile, so utterly unpro-  
 ductive of any results, that the very vultures  
 have flown from the field in disgusted despair.  
 The two parties are merely struggling each to  
 outlive the other, and Death has already laid  
 an equal hand on each. If Mr. Blaine goes  
 among these people and makes his arrangements  
 to give them something to fight for, three years  
 hence, he will have done a good work.

Why do so many people make this awful fuss  
 about Christmas? Certainly not because it is a  
 Christian festival, for it has now little religious  
 significance in this country. That feature has  
 long been lost sight of, and Christmas means,  
 to most men, a heavy drain on their purses for  
 presents; and to children, unlimited eating of  
 indigestible things which often leave the seeds  
 of chronic dyspepsia in their little systems.

The part that woman plays in this joyous sea-  
 son is too important to be disposed of in a few  
 words. She absolutely pervades everything,  
 and is not to be shaken off. Indeed, Christmas  
 seems as if it were instituted solely for her  
 benefit.

Why it is Christmas, and what it is for, are  
 matters of no consequence to her. Sufficient  
 that Christmas is here, and that she must sally  
 forth and spend all the money she can lay her  
 hands on in buying gifts, and wasting dollars  
 on useless things—money which, if used in a  
 rational manner during the whole year, would  
 purchase infinitely more comfort, greater satis-  
 faction, and full value, which is never to be got  
 at this time. Your house is flooded with circu-  
 lars of tradesmen who seem to have gone spe-  
 cially into the Christmas business for the purpose  
 of obtaining a share of the money that they  
 know you will be coerced into spending.

It is at this season that your wife reads all  
 these circulars and all the advertisements, and  
 seems determined to buy something at every  
 store that advertises holiday goods. There is  
 positively no getting away from it; the Christ-  
 mas traps are set, and when they are once ap-  
 proached, you are lost. It is best to quietly  
 submit, and to endeavor to delude yourself into  
 the belief that Christmas is, after all, a very  
 fine institution. In the end it will be better  
 for your peace of mind; and after you or your  
 wife, for it is the same thing, have bought heaps  
 of all kinds of unnecessary rubbish from loud-  
 mouthed vendors who reap their harvest by their  
 knowledge of the Christmas weakness of human-  
 ity, you may console yourself with the thought  
 that you are only one fool amongst many.

If it is true that Mr. Daniel Drew Chamber-  
 lain was kidnapped on Wednesday of last week,  
 there is urgent need of a revision of our insani-  
 ty laws. Novelists and dramatists have ex-  
 hausted their talents in picturing and describing  
 such cases, but it is rarely that so barefaced an  
 instance as this is brought before the public.  
 It seems as if a republic is no guarantee for the  
 personal liberty of its citizens, and that those  
 who live under monarchical government receive  
 more protection than we can get from our own  
 officers of the law. We have not forgotten the  
 disgraceful proceedings in the Esposito case,  
 and nothing has yet been done to prevent a  
 recurrence of the outrage. There is too much  
 desire on the part of officials, under cover of  
 forms of law, to exceed their duty and trample  
 on the rights of citizens.

Adelina Patti was not as extensively adver-  
 tised as was Sarah Bernhardt, but it seems  
 highly probable that she will leave these shores  
 with quite as bulky a bag of dollars; for, in her  
 way, she is a much greater artist than the clever,  
 but not brilliant Sadie, and the American peo-  
 ple do know what is really good. Adelina  
 Patti, whose Puckograph we present as a Christ-  
 mas gift to the readers of Puck, has learnt a  
 great deal since she left these shores some twenty  
 years ago. But she has not learnt everything.  
 She has, or rather had not learnt that Ameri-  
 cans are not such fools as some people take them  
 for, at least not to the extent of paying \$10.00  
 a head to hear a fine voice but a very inferior  
 concert. She paid a small price for her experi-  
 ence, but she bought it just in time, and now,  
 under the guidance of Mr. Abbey, her tour  
 through the country promises to be in every  
 sense a triumph. By the present scale of prices  
 nearly everybody has now the opportunity of  
 enjoying warbling that has certainly never been  
 equaled in this generation.



## PUCK'S PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORIES.

With our usual profuse liberality, we offered several prizes for Christmas stories. Of the many thousands received, we have awarded the first three premiums to the authors of the following touching narratives. We refrain from mentioning their names, as the proverbial modesty which characterizes us induced us to organize the literary tournament secretly, without in any way advertising the fact.

## FIRST PRIZE—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

## TEDDY'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

The whirling snow danced wildly and merrily over the housetops of the weird, uncompromising, ghostly and ghastly city; for it was Christmas eve, and the streets were white and deep with the sparkling, glistening and evanescent crystals of Nature. The full moon shed her effulgence considerably over the scene, and especially over a portly philanthropist, who, attired in a sealskin ulster, new arctics, and with a solitaire diamond stud in his shirt-collar, strode along the pallid highway of Grand Street. There was a kindly look in his fishy eye as it fell on a poor innocent little boy who was picturesquely clad in a tattered linen duster and was making a frugal meal off a neglected snowball, washing down the viand with ice ravished from the sidewalk.

"Do you know that it is Christmas eve, sonny?" said the portly gentleman.

"Never heard of such a thing, boss, and my name is not sonny, it is Teddy."

"What are you eating, Teddy?"

"Snowball, boss."

"It is cold stuff, is it not, Teddy?"

"It is, boss."

"How would you like to come to my palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue and revel in all the delicacies of the season? Will you go?"

"You bet, boss."

Teddy accompanied his benefactor to his gorgeous residence, and sat down to dinner. For the first time in his life he ate roast turkey, *paté de foie gras*, omelette à la financière, little gem peas, mince-pie, plum-pudding, Charlotte Russe, meringues, truffles, pound-cake, tabasco pepper-sauce, Limburger cheese, terrapin stew, mulligatawny soup, custard-pie and salmon with oyster-sauce, in the order above mentioned. He drank Pommard, Mumm-sieck's champagne and Old Crow whiskey.

"Do you feel ill, Teddy?" asked the portly philanthropist, as the poor boy lay in the comfortable hospital ward.

"I do, kinder, boss," and the gentle youthful spirit passed away.

## SECOND PRIZE—ONE BAG SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

## LITTLE SAMUEL'S SACRIFICE.

Little Samuel was a very good little boy, and he lived in a New England town, where they ate pie and went to church three times every Sunday.

Little Samuel was not like other little boys, who were very often bad and rude.

When his naughty comrades hit him in the eye, little Samuel never hit them back. He turned away their wrath with the softest answer he had learned at Sunday-school, and went and told the teacher on them.

Then he stood by while they were larruped, and when the op-er-a-tion was over, he told them that it was for their good.

When Christmas time came around, little Samuel felt that he must do something to be a little ex-tra good. Unfortunately, he had no invalid mother, or consumptive little sister to take care of and make sac-ri-fi-ces for, so he thought he would save up all his pennies and give them to the Heathen.

He wanted very much to buy a new sled, and he owed a bill at the Candy Em-por-i-um; but he determined to save up and give all his money to the Heathen.

This was a sac-ri-fi-ce for little Samuel. Perhaps it was not a great sac-ri-fi-ce; but it was a first-class sac-ri-fi-ce for a small boy. And when little Samuel had saved up all his money and had made up two dollars and twenty-seven cents, he gave it to the Su-per-in-ten-dent of the Sunday-School for the Heathen.

But the Su-per-in-ten-dent of the Sunday-School was also a Bank-Cashier.

And he went to Europe for his health on the day before Christmas.

And he took little Samuel's two dollars and twenty-seven cents along with him.

And little Samuel said a bad word. And his moral nature was permanently warped, and when he grew up he became a Pi-rate.

## THIRD PRIZE—ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR BOND (CONFEDERATE).

## ONLY A BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

She sat in the parlor of the boarding-house, and the dark shadows mustered around her as she leaned her head upon her graceful fingers. Time had paled her delicate beauty; she was no longer in the first blushing dawn of her youth, for she was forty-seven. Twenty-three years had rolled away since her sailor lover, Ben Bobstay, had left her on Christmas eve for the purpose of sailing on the briny deep. Now there was another Christmas eve—would he return?

A heavy, rollicking step in the hall, and in another moment Ben Bobstay was in the room.

"My darling Ben!" exclaimed our heroine.

"Avast there," said Ben: "what cheer, shipmate?"

"Don't you know me, Ben? I am your own Sadie."

"Swamp my toptights, I think I do remember seeing you before. Lemme see—was it in my China cruise or in the Pacific?"

"Ben, it cannot be possible that you have forgotten that we are betrothed, and that you are to marry me and—"

"Belay there, my beauty. All right, I'm willin', if you are; but it won't be plain sailing. You see, the hard work at sea knocked you clean out of my memory, and I've got one wife in Hong Kong, another in Melbourne, and three or four more knocking about in Algoa Bay, Batavia and Rio de Janeiro. If you like to come along and take your chances, I am yours."

And this was Sadie's Christmas eve.

## FOURTH PRIZE—A PIECE OF PIE.

## THE PIE EATER FROM AROOSTOOK.

Philip Thompson was born and raised in a farmhouse in Aroostook—one of these flat buildings that look like Washington's Headquarters and cover half an acre, have all the rooms on the ground floor, and a great white hall sprinkled between.

Philip Thompson was haughty, but still he ate pie with the keen relish that an ostrich knows while devouring broken medicine bottles off a salver of condemned oil-cloth. In the early morn, he would not sally forth in quest of the destroying G. Cocktail to brace him up, but would sneak into the pantry and surreptitiously eat an apple-pie. This would be but a preliminary performance, for, at his regular matutinal meal, he would eat another pie, and then take one out in the woods for his lunch.

Finally his father came to an untimely end, by offering a rural editor about two pounds of "There was a young man of Skeneateles" verse in person, and his mother shortly after followed through grief. Then the lawyers stepped in, and there was lots of litigation, and after the probate snap, Philip was broke, and came to New York.

He soon found employment in a baker shop, where he devoured pies while his employer was not looking. One day he was caught, and he left that place as rapidly as a bank president leaves for Europe, when sickness sets in on him.

Now we come on with our little woman's gentle influence. The baker had a daughter—a blue-eyed, yearning gazelle—and she was gone on Philip with a goneness that oceans could not cool. And she sought her father and reasoned with him, but he would not hear her. He was stern and relentless, and laughed a mocking laugh at her argument. She often took Philip pies under her apron to keep him alive; and finally one night they eloped, and took the contents of the till, and forged checks and got all the old man's money. They were captured out West, and tried for forgery; but both worked the insanity dodge, and proved that they were straight, solid cranks from the word go. And after their acquittal they started a baker-shop on their own hook, and now, to his great delight, life to him is one grand, lovely pie.

\*The only reason why this story did not get the first prize is that it is not a Christmas story. Ed. Puck.

## A SEASONABLE LONGING.

Oh, to be a salamander,

In the middle of a fire,

Jack McFrost doth raise my dander,

Santa Claus excites my ire.

Oh, to be that ancient trio

In the furnace seven times hot;

Or on charts unknown to Guyot,

Lands to find where snow is not!

Oh, to be a mustard-plaster

Burning on a burning chest,

But to be a pepper-castor,

Would, upon the whole, be best.

## Puckeyings.

## A GLOOMY AND FUNEREAL CHRISTMAS TO ALL. HA! HA!

ACCORDING TO statistics, 7,117,039 ladies' stockings have been imported from Chicago for use in New York this Christmas.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY are not repeating their triumphs in England. For the sake of America, we deeply regret to hear it.

WHATEVER ANYONE else may get in his Christmas stocking, we can swear to having a fine, well-developed case of chilblains in ours.

EX-SENATOR CONKLING is like a boa-constrictor. After having swallowed and digested his defeat, he is now lying torpid for the winter.

A NEW PLAY is called "The Upright Man." It is only a play, and the hero is neither a city alderman nor the president of a gas company.

GENERAL SICKLES ought not to have burnt gas while he was in Europe, although he could not well have taken the meter with him. It went by itself.

CANNOT SOME giant mind invent a snow shovel that will fold up and look like an umbrella, when a man is caught at work in front of a house by a passing friend?

IN PHILADELPHIA a blind man of 50 has married a girl of 14. There is nothing remarkable in this, for most men who get married are blind, although the majority of the wives are over 14.

Do you think that the celluloid collar-button your girl gave you for a Christmas present, together with her affection, repays you for the diamond bracelet that you sent her from Tiffany's?

WHAT WE want to know is, by what right General Sickles went abroad, when the Manhattan Company had gas ready-made for him all the time? Gas companies cannot afford to be defrauded in this way.

SHALL I DINE on Christmas day with Mayor Grace, or with W. W. Astor, or with William H. Vanderbilt, or work the free-lunch route? I think the free lunch will be the best thing after all, as I have not yet received the other invitations to dinner.

IT APPEARS that the real ancient sea-serpents had enormous tusks, as proved by the remains in the Marlboro marl pit. Next summer new ingredients will have to be used for the adulteration of whiskey at seaside resorts, in order to keep pace with the latest discoveries in serpentology.

WHAT THE CITIZENS of New York owe to the Manhattan Gas Company will never be known until that organization sends in its bills. Just to think, now, that it has been making us a present, for years, of more gas than we have consumed! "Charity begins at the Manhattan Gas Company," saith Vice-President Carpenter.

THE DAUGHTER of a merchant in Louisville ran away from home and became a domestic servant because her father refused to buy her a sealskin sacque. If some New York fathers would refuse their sons the shekels to indulge in polo and solitaire studs, the arts of car-conducting and boot-shining might perhaps be better cultivated.

## CHANSON DU GRAND COCHER.

Oh, I likes to drive, when I don't get mused,  
On a summery day afore it's dark,  
For them's the times for the upper-crust  
To show off their trotters in Central Park.  
Then I gets myself up in grand display,  
With my gold-band hat and my swell-swell coat,  
And my newest gloves, for fine array—  
Oh, I'm the scrumptiouslest nob to note!  
I handles the lines most skillfully,  
(Though I says it myself, as I should not,)  
And sets like the statoo of Bill\* you see  
By the western gate, on the grassy plot.  
My Lady de Shoddee looks at me,  
(In course I knows it, though I don't look 'round,)  
And thinks we're the swellest company  
Of the whole "concore" on the driving-ground.  
There's them as is allers wishing more,  
And some as is proud to be called "M. C.";  
But, as for me, there is naught in store  
So grand as—"The Coachman of de Shoddee!"

RETTOP.

\*A Shaksperian allusion.

## MR. CMITH'S CLOCK.

Mr. John Cmith, with a large, clumsy bundle, walked aboard a ferryboat, one day last week, and took a seat in the ladies' cabin. The bundle contained an eight-pound bronze clock, which the owner was bringing to the city for repairs. The clock was not thoroughly disorganized and used up, but had got into the odd habit of striking every few minutes. Sometimes it would strike fifty or sixty without stopping. This became very monotonous, after it had been going on a few weeks, and the wife of its owner declared it ought to be fixed, as it often woke her up at night and disturbed her reveries in the day.

Furthermore, she was obliged to put it in the cellar under a barrel in the daytime while the baby was asleep, and it was a greater annoyance to her than her husband's daily lecture on domestic extravagance and the enormity of soliciting a new evening dress every month or so. After a while it got so that she used the clock as a means of defense, and a dialogue, something like the following, was of almost daily occurrence:

"Why don't you have the windows washed?"

"Why don't you have the clock fixed?"

"Here I have come home from a hard day's work, and find nothing but a cold dinner."

"I can't help that. I spent the day trying to keep the clock still."

"No; I can't afford to take you to the opera—it costs too much; you are always on the strike."

"So is the clock!"

"Would you like to take a walk this evening?"

"Yes; anything to get away from the clock."

One evening he came home in a very bad humor, and, while dining, glanced around to see that everything was calm, and proceeded:

"I heard a good riddle to-day: What is it that runs without being wound up?"

This was to her a supreme moment. With an expression of joy that completely covered her features, she screamed:

"The clock!"

"No," he replied, quietly: "A woman's tongue!"

! ? !! ?? — !!! ??? !!!!!!!

It was on the following morning that Mr. John Cmith walked aboard the ferryboat "Natchez" with the clock under his arm, as narrated above. A few moments after he took his seat in the cabin, a number of ladies and children walked in, and when they were seated the clock started in with a little run of seventeen.

Mr. Cmith is naturally of a retiring disposition, and, when every eye in the place was riveted upon him, he felt as though he would

like to sink through the deck, but he looked straight ahead, as though nothing had happened.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14," said the clock.

Then a little girl asked her mother if that man was Santa Claus, and Mr. Cmith ground his teeth together in an ecstasy of ineffable rage. He felt as though he would like to slam the time-piece down and jump on it, and call it names, and smash it up with an axe. He vowed that he would never act as an ambassador again, and the things he thought about his wife were not what they should have been. Suddenly he felt the pulse of the clock begin to rumble, as though it wanted a little more exercise. The blood shot to his face, and then the clock proceeded:

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16."

"It seems to me you get lots of time out of that clock," remarked a stranger.

"I do," responded Mr. Cmith, with a wan smile, and a great attempt to appear facetious: "I do get lots of time out of this chronometer, and that's the great charm about it. The average clock that goes properly and regularly strikes, in the aggregate, seventy-eight times per diem. My clock often strikes as many times as that in twenty minutes."

"Do you always carry it around?"

"Not always; I'm just taking it to the clock-maker."

"To have it stopped?"

"Not at all; it can't be stopped without being destroyed. I am taking it over to have its striking power increased. When it strikes one hundred times per minute I shall be satisfied. It has a sweet, mellow sound, that amuses the baby and eclipses an orchestration. I call it the joy of the household."

At this instant the clock broke in with its little:

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10."

"'Tis false," remarked a gushful guy, pointing at the clock: "it is only half-past eight."

At this juncture all the people commenced to laugh with great gusto, and Mr. Cmith, blushing to the roots of his hair, left the cabin and went over to the opposite side of the boat set apart for gentlemen, or, in ferryboat phraseology, "gents."

As he opened the door the clock stopped striking at one hundred and fifty, and the owner thought it would take a decent rest. He found a seat, and looked straight ahead out of the window with a fixed stare which he intended to try and preserve in case the clock started in with its copper and brass chimes.

Comfortably seated beside a man with a bulldog, he commenced to converse with him on the reigning topics, but was still prepared to look stern and unconcerned when the clock should begin its work.

During this conversation the clock kept still, and Mr. Cmith felt pretty good, especially when a string-band of peripatetic Italians came in and filled the air with a vile rendition of one of Chopin's polonaises, or dolmans, or something of the kind, because he thought the music would drown the striking of the clock.

But the clock didn't feel quite certain of the music's power to silence it, and it determined to put the thing to the test; so it braced itself for a grand effort, and then stole forth upon the smoky air:

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20."

It struck a great many more times than would be proper or necessary to record, and it was also heard above the music most positively and distinctly.

As soon as it commenced Mr. Cmith looked straight ahead, but hammered on the clock as though to intimidate and frighten it into abject silence.

This only seemed to wake it up to a greater realization of its duty, and it redoubled its efforts, striking as rapidly as a telegraphic instrument, and rattling on as merrily as a drum solo.

This sudden outburst caused every one to look around, and the bulldog was thrown into a paroxysm of fright which caused him to forget everything else but his personal safety; so he sprang through the crowd, upsetting an old man and causing the wildest kind of an uproar from one end of the cabin to the other. If the clock had been fastened to his tail he would not have traveled faster, for it would probably have held him back some. However, he made splendid time until he got tangled up in the strings of the harp, which caused the player to make a kick at him, and the dog to respond by tearing the back out of the musician's coat and running out on the front deck to pick his teeth.

Mr. Cmith got right out on the stern deck, where there were not so many people, and when the door closed behind him the clock had settled down to an easy thirty-two to the minute strike.

"Whoa!" screamed Mr. Cmith, wildly, as he fetched the clock one across the face.

"Were you addressing my horse?" demanded a drayman, whose quadruped seemed frightened.

"No; I was yelling at my clock to make it stop."

"If you yell at your clock to make it stop, I suppose you use a whip to make it go?"

"No, I don't; but I can't make it stop. It has struck almost a thousand since it began, five minutes ago, and I don't know what to do."

"It reminds me," said the drayman, sympathetically: "of an adventure I once had. I was taking a kitten to the city in the steam-cars, and after we got started the kitten made more noise than a Democratic mass-meeting. Finally I had to take her out of the basket and put her in my ulster pocket to keep her still. She seemed to like this better, because I kept my hand on her and spoke to her occasionally. There happened to be a hole in my pocket, and the kitten crawled around in the lining and got up on my back. I didn't like this, because it was uncomfortable, but I made up my mind to stand it, as I didn't wish to disturb the kitten, and perhaps get her yowling again. She hadn't got more than half asleep, before a man came and said, 'Hello, Jones!' at the same time bringing his hand down on my back in a manner that caused the kitten to spread around like a maiden in a new spring bonnet. I shall never forget it. I have seen riots, and I have managed foreign actors, but for general picturesque wildness this excelled everything recorded in my memory."

The drayman here paused to tell his horse to keep still.

By this time the other horses became frightened and began to prance around, for the clock was still striking away as fast as it could go, while Mr. Cmith, in a lather of perspiration, wondered if he was ever going to reach land.

"You will have to go down-stairs with that infernal thing, or else throw it overboard," said a deck-hand, authoritatively.

"Then I'll go down," yelled Mr. Cmith: "I've got so far with it, and I'll go the rest of the way, if it costs me my life! I'm going to land this clock in the City and County of New York, that's what I'm going to do; and I don't ask any odds of you and your rickety old ferry company."

So Mr. Cmith went down-stairs, and felt happy because he was all alone. He sat down on the coal and meditated, and prepared a sort of Philippic to deliver to his wife that evening. He kept on with his happy reverie for some time, and seemed perfectly happy, until he was disturbed by a great commotion and loud words:

"Why did you back?" shouted the representative of the pilot.



"You ordered it."  
 "No, I didn't. I didn't ring the bell."  
 "I suppose," said the engineer: "you didn't ring for me to slack up, either, did you?"  
 "No, I didn't."  
 "But I heard the bells; so did the fireman."  
 "I did," said the fireman: "There they go again. Let's find them bells."  
 And, suiting the action to the word, the three went out and discovered Mr. Cmth hugging his clock to drown the sounds which emanated from it at the rate of about forty per minute.  
 "!! ?? !!! \*\*\* !! ?? !!!!!!"

"Did you get the clock over all right, my dear?" asked Mrs. Cmth, affectionately, that evening, as her husband entered the domicile.  
 "!!! ??? !!!!! ??? \* \* \* !!!!!!"  
 "I don't see why you should go on in that way," replied his wife: "I had twice as much annoyance with it as you had. When will it be done, dear?"

By this time Mr. Cmth was sufficiently cooled off to speak printable English, and he responded, with a tinge of sarcasm:

"Your darling time-piece, my sweet little cuckoo, will be finished I don't know when. But I know when it is repaired I shall have it brought home by a messenger-boy, and I'll be near by to see the possible fun."

"Yes," yelled his wife: "and if you were not the meanest man alive, you would have sent it over by express, instead of making a fool and a laughing-stock of yourself by taking it the way you did. You would do anything to save a quarter, and I wish every time you refuse to spend a dollar on me you would have to go through a similar course; then I'd get enough wearing apparel to look respectable. Every woman in the place has more dresses than I, and I'm glad the clock struck till it made you sick. I wish I could strike and make you sick, then I'd have a chance for my life, you mean, miserable old — !!! ?? \* \* \* !!!!"

After the tempest comes sunshine. Two hours later he took her to the circus, and they sat smilingly on the top seat and drank the reddest kind of weak lemonade, and no one who saw them took them for anything but fond lovers wandering in the fragrant ice-creamery of courtship.

It is never safe to imagine that the married people who exhibit so tenderly in public are always on the best of terms, for the tranquility which characterizes them at the circus is often a mere sunny fringe dangling from the departing clouds of such a tempest as that in which Mr. Cmth's clock played so active a part.  
 R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

### A DELICATE QUESTION OF TASTE.



TRAMP (soliloquizing): "I must keep my feet warm somehow, but I fear these checked uppers make me look too conspicuous!"

### A CREPUSCULAR REVERY.

"Sit still, my heart, sit still."

Fair Musidora's words melted into music, and stole softly from the tapestried boudoir, where she lay on a silken couch, into the next room, which was set apart for the storage of the family hams and mackerel. She wrung her long pallid fingers, on most of which glistened jewels of fabulous worth, and looked out upon the frosted garden-beds, where lay the decaying flowers of summer, disseminating an odor that could never be palmed off as Jockey Club on a native of Hunter's Point.

"Alas," she sighed, with a look at once poetic and musical: "the year glides softly by, and it has almost entirely glid already. The tender gems of summer are strewn in the winds, annihilated like the roseate hopes of youth; the nutting-parties in the hazy woods are over, and now the snow begins to fall where once the pansy bloomed. Just one little year ago Basil proposed

to me out on the back stoop, and lighted my innocent child-life with a holy flame; and now comes Christmas, and I trust he may have the forethought to give me a sealskin sacque."

"Last year I told him I was fond of poetry, and that I shunned the prosaic, and sought consolation and rapture in the study of the beautiful. And when Christmas came, he gave me a four-dollar 'Locksley Hall,' and on New Year's he gave me a copy of 'Whistler's Reply to Ruskin'; on my birthday he sent me 'Volney's Ruins,' and on the 4th of July he presented me with 'Krik's Guide to the Turf.' And for the life of me I cannot tell how many 'Tompkins Square and Regicide Libraries' he gave me between times.

"Mine is a quiet life, whose halcyon calm is never broken or rippled by having a caramel dropped into it. We women love candy with a love that is inscrutable, and I am only a woman. Ah me, what a grievous error I made when, beneath the trembling stars, I told confiding Basil my soul was lost in a sea of rhythmic beauty, that I couldn't walk without keeping time with the movement of 'Childe Harold,' and that I involuntarily repeated the 'Heathen Chinee' while dancing up and down the wash-board! That is what settled me for furs and jewelry; because books only cost a dollar apiece in these days, and the aristocratic diamond-wearing youth takes advantage of this, and maintains that girls should be less frivolous, and read more, so that he may escape much of the expense incidental to courtship.

"Alas! alack! ha, ha!" she caroled, as she rose from the silken divan, and smelled a jacquemint rose that lay on the ebon escriptorie: "I know what I shall do to-night when I hear Basil's large feet clatter on the stoop and loosen the shingles. I shall meet him and sing: 'The doctor says my sight is bad, and I must read no more; I shall have to leave the flowery lanes of poetry and be like other people. He says I must eat lots of candy for its saccharine properties, which are fattening; he says I must go skating for the exercise I need so much.'

"And then I'll graft in a subtle argument with a sealskin basis, and vow that if I ever grow cold toward him, may the sun stand still, the stars cease to shine, water run up-hill, bank presidents become honest, the Democrats elect their candidate for President, and all that style of impossibility.

"I shall tell him that mine is a love tempered by the fires of a boundless enthusiasm, and watered by the dews of poetic yearning; that my soul goes with his, hand in hand, through a vista of deathless flowers, where fountains of divine redolence are sprinkled on winds enriched by heavenly strains. Then I shall talk sealskin, and let him understand that I am no cheap literary mash."  
 R. K. M.

### ONE PECULIARITY OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.



A MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS—NOT A WAITER IN SIGHT.



THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS—PLENTY OF THEM.

## A "CHILI" RECEPTION.



CHILI:—"SAY, DOES YOUR MUDDER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

## HIS CONTRIBUTION.

He was a very nice young man, of Boston dressing. He had just left the School of Mines, and he went out West, and settled in Dead Horse Gulch, to grow up with the town. He wore not only a shirt, but an all-round standing collar, of real celluloid, and he had a French gold scarf-pin and reversible cuffs.

These things aided him to lead rather a retired life in Dead Horse Gulch, for the populace did not crowd around him and overwhelm him with too embarrassing demonstrations of cordiality. So he was somewhat surprised when a big miner in a red shirt and trousers freckled with patches called on him one morning and said:

"Look-a-here, Mr. Tenderfoot, I'm appointed a sorter committee to wait upon you with a kinder message."

"I am glad to see you," said the young man. "You can be glad and dry at the same time, can't ye?" remarked the miner: "Well, we want you to a species of give us a lift."

"I shall be happy," began the young man, doubtfully; but the miner went on:

"We suppose you take an interest in this here settlement—that you kinder like to help the town grow up?"

"Certainly."

"And mebbe, we sorter thort, you'd be willing to give us a hand to hist the snap along—yank her a bit further towards incorporation."

"Undoubtedly."

"That's what we thort, that's what we thort. Ye're a white man, stranger. Shake! Well, here's our situation. A town ain't no sort of a town until it's got some record—some institutions—see?"

"Indubitably."

"Well, now, we've had eight or ten births, and three marriages, and one baptism, and a change-of-heart, and a couple dozen trials, and a walking-match and a church-fair, and no end of dog-fights in this here town; but we ain't never had no funeral."

"No funeral?" inquired the young man, in surprise.

"No, sir, no funeral—that is to say, no real straight funeral—no regular formality snap. In the first place, ye see, there ain't been no coffins in the town till yesterday, when we got in a full

cargo from Leadville. And, stranger, we mean to inaugurate them coffins, sure's you're born."

"You doubtless know best."

"We do, cull, we do. We're a-going to have a real funeral—a funeral from Funeralville, Funeral County, Funekansaw, wayback. Real coffin—religious services—lining—plate—genuine corpse, too."

"But—"

"Jest hold on, stranger. That funeral is going to be a slap-up affair. We've got the minister, and the coffin, and the pall-bearers, and the hearse, and the horses, and the grave dug, and we want you to help us."

"I shall be most happy to assist you," said the young man: "but I don't quite see how I can be useful. You desire me to assist the clergyman, perhaps? I have studied a little for the ministry—"

"No, sir, no," interrupted the miner: "you don't get onto this snap at all. We've got an A x minister, who can work the whole racket all by himself. He don't want no assistance."

"Well, but," mildly objected the young man: "I don't see what else I can do. You seem to have everything prepared—"

"That's where you're out, stranger," the miner broke in again: "we ain't got the most important of all the props, and that's jest what we want you to contribute."

"And what is that?" inquired the young man with the celluloid collar.

"The corpse," said the miner: "and, stranger, that coffin will just fit you, and you'll make the prettiest resigned-looking corpse in the town, and it's a close call for ten sharp tomorrow morning. So long!"

And he lit out.

## "ONE HAVING AUTHORITY."

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 9, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am much pleased with your editorial on the "Corinne Case." Having done my best to aid in forming the Mass. S. P. C. C., and not being now connected with it, I can freely say that I agree with your article, referred to in every detail. You are at liberty to use this, if you choose, of course.

Very truly,  
JOHN DIXWELL, M.D.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCIII.

MRS. LANGTRY ON THE STAGE.



Ya-as, my fwienids wite to me and I aw see by the newspapahs that Mrs. Langtwy, the wecent pwo-fessional beauty, is going to become a wegulah play actwess.

I he-ah she has al-weady made her ap-pearwance, faw the benefit of a charwity,

at the house of some old fwienids of mine up the wivah—I mean the Wivah Thames—and, according to the cwitics, she acquitted herself verwy cweditably in aw—I forget the name of the dwama. I nevah do wemembah much about theatwical mattahs. I don't think it is particulahly good form for a fellow to give much attention to it, if he's not in the pwo-fession—shows, I think, want of pwopah balance of bwains. In fact, I could nevah undahstand why some of the fellows in my own set, whom I do not care to mention by their patwonymics, worwied themselves in paying the went of a theatah, in ordah to give some verwy ordinary actwess an opportunity of exhibiting herself in extwemely short dwesses with a wetched company. But there is weally no accounting faw the odd taste of some aw individuals.

I cahn't say that I am surprised that the pwo-fessional beauty carwe-ah of Mrs. Langtwy has pwactically ended in this way. She nevah was weally one of us, and I am wathah glad that there is no longah any danger of her being confounded with wecognized arwistocwacy.

Jack says that she will now find her own social, and especially her pwo-fessional, level.

This pwo-fessional beauty twade has, at pwesent, terminated disastwously faw the beauties, and will not, I twust, be again wenewed.

Of course, Mrs. Langtwy will come to Amer-wica, and there will naturwally be a gweat wush to see her. Amerwicans always do wush to see people who have been much talked about in the newspapahs, in connection with the arwistocwacy; but I don't think her beauty will cwreate an extwordinary sensation.

I aw was not especially stwuck when I was pwesented to her when I was last in Eurwope.

The fellows, howevah, who will make wetched idiots of themselves are the membahs of two or thrwee clubs he-ah, who will bow down to the gwound and throw themselves at her feet, because the Pwince of Wales admired her. These individuals like to pwetend to be Englishmen, when they are nothing maw than narwov-minded aw caddish Amerwicans aw.

## IS NOTHING SERIOUS IN MORALITY?

The humoristic age grows apace. It has taken root and put forth its tender shoots in that most unexpected of all quarters—the railway advertisements. One would hardly expect a veritable Joe Miller to come out of N. Y. C. R., or P. R., or "B. & O."; but who can tell what may follow the initiative taken by the great and ever facetious West, as displayed on a gorgeous vari-colored hand-bill, thus:

"Tempus Fugit."

So does the

"DENVER SKIPPER"

of the

Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.



## DISAPPOINTED.



OHIO:—"WELL, I DECLARE! EXPECTED MORE THAN THIS!"

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—The best thing you can give her for Christmas is to give her up.

CONSTANT READER.—Keep on reading; but don't write. You are more of a success as a reader than you are as a poet.

E. J. W.—You don't like the Honorable Mr. Fitznoodle, don't you? Well, that is rather a good thing than otherwise. You will never be consumed with a bitter longing for the unattainable boon of an introduction to the Honorable gentleman.

C. L. N.—The generous and amiable spirit of your communication is so thoroughly in harmony with the Christmas season that we publish the document in full.

BOSTON, Dec. 7th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Will you please inform me how long since Col. E. Burd Grub, of New Jersey, was promoted to a generalship? (See page 215 of this week's PUCK.) I would also like to know which of your distinguished artists concocted the word *unjustest* (see page 210, 3d column). Also the word *subtile* as applied to the *shy*, *shrewd*, *cunning* Japanese? (See page 212.) Or are these typographical, orthographical or syntactical eccentricities the result of an overdose of the decoction which, you frankly confess, is your regular beverage, and which you have so cleverly illustrated (page 212)?

I cannot imagine why you should be so eager to "give yourself away" in regard to "what you drink," unless it is to cause your many readers to make all due allowance for whatever absurdities or inconsistencies they may notice in the columns of the PUCK. Perhaps, though, it may be a "shrewd, subtle, peculiar" way you have studied up to warn your friends to say, "No, thank you, I don't drink," when you ask them to "take something" out of your private "medicine chest."

I hope you will end my anxious suspense by giving me a solution of the enigma as soon as possible.

Yours in doubt,

C. L. N.

We won't leave you in doubt, C. L. N., as to your several queries:

I.—This is a small point of ornithology, or rather ornithological gastronomy, on which we confess ourselves ignorant. Write to the gentleman, yourself, and inquire.

II.—The word "unjustest" was "concocted" by a much better artist in language than any one of the hacks who "concoct" the school grammar on which people of your mental calibre, dear C. L. N., are brought up. "Unjustest" is a perfectly legitimate word, and it is more in the genius of the English language to make a natural superlative than to use the awkward "most."

III.—We don't know who first used the word *subtile* in the sense in which we used it; but you will find, on reference to your Webster, that an obscure writer named Coleridge, among others, so used it.

IV.—As to the rest of your letter, dear C. L. N., it is n't witty, it isn't courteous, and it is n't sensible; and if you will devote your Christmas to thinking it over, and "concocting" an iron-clad oath not to do that kind of thing any more, you will not waste your time.

## AN ASPIRANT.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., Dec. 10th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I pray you not take exceptions to the seemingly presumed liberty on the part of your Allegheny novice, whose greatest ambition is to one day be numbered among the funny writers—with a true admiration for fun, newspapers, and politics; but no love for orthodox religious doses. So now please weigh my capabilities, kind editor, for in the three attempts I have sent you a fair estimate can be summed. First, I sent a ponderous MS., "A Squire's Doings in Eight Squints," by Squire Dabbs—since which time I have changed my name to Ruff Daubs, and have fallen to strains of unmeasured verse. So now if you offer me any hope in this field of pleasure, please be kind enough to say so thro' your "Answers to the Anxious," under my new name "Ruff Daubs," for if I have to be blotted from the greatness I am seeking, let me depart with my dearly loved new title enshrouding my blasted spirits. But should you say, "Lay on, McDuff," then I'd land the ox through the Mormon door; an' I'd tell a stale tale ov Charities dark wail that our big churches won't C.

Very respectfully,

RUFF DAUBS.

\* We think, Mr. Ruff Daubs, that you have attained the height of your ambition.  
ED. PUCK.

## RHYMES FOR BOOK BUYERS.

Literally Rendered from the Original (Catalogue).

- |                                     |                          |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| "Woman's Rights,"                   | "Owen Glendower,"        |
| "On the Heights."                   | "Cometh up as a Flower." |
| "Short Stories,"                    | "Fetters,"               |
| "Morning Glories."                  | "Autograph Letters."     |
| "Life of Kit Carson,"               | "Dross,"                 |
| "The Country Parson."               | "The Mill on the Floss." |
| "Six Little Cooks,"                 | "Little Prudy,"          |
| "Browsing Among Books."             | "Sermons of Moody."      |
| "Divided Ways,"                     | "Shiftless Folks,"       |
| "Who Breaks Pays."                  | "Book of Jokes."         |
| "Roman Days,"                       | "Alroy,"                 |
| "Macaulay's Lays."                  | "That Awful Boy."        |
| "Terrace Roses,"                    | "A Beautiful Wretch,"    |
| "Ingersoll and Moses."              | "On the Home Stretch."   |
| "A Forlorn Hope,"                   | "All in the Dark,"       |
| "The Army Under Pope."              | "Certain Men of Mark."   |
| "Tit for Tat,"                      |                          |
| "A Man's a Man for a' That."        |                          |
| "Never Too Late to Mend,"           |                          |
| "From John O'Groats to Land's End." |                          |
| "Puritans and Shakers," (and)       |                          |
| "Life Among the Quakers."           |                          |
| &c., &c., &c., &c.                  |                          |

## AMUSEMENTS.

"The Passing Regiment" continues to parade before brilliant assemblages at DALY'S THEATRE.

Mary Anderson approaches New York triumphantly. She will open in "Romeo and Juliet," at BOOTH'S, January 2nd.

Mr. George B. Sims's new comedy, "Mother-in-law," is a hit, at the PARK THEATRE, and sends home its audiences in the best of humor.

The Vokes are at BOOTH'S THEATRE, with "Belles of the Kitchen," "Cousin Joe" and all the rest of it. Kate Claxton, in the "Two Orphans," will follow.

"Sharps and Flats" is the play in which Messrs. Robson and Crane are now exhibiting themselves to the Brooklynites at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.

Fritz, as personated by Mr. Emmet, is at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and the money is flowing into the treasury. The last season's erratic social performances of this gentleman are forgotten.

This is the last week of the opera at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Monday the final performance of "Aida" for the season took place. "Les Huguenots" was given on Wednesday, "Carmen" on Friday, and a grand sacred and miscellaneous concert, with the full strength of the company, on Sunday evening.

We believe it is either the fiftieth or the ninety-ninth performance of "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Anyway, we are requested by the management to announce that at the hundredth performance a house and lot on Fifth Avenue will be presented to each visitor as a souvenir.

There is no falling off in the attendance at the STANDARD THEATRE to see "Patience." It is a work that improves, if that be possible, on acquaintance, and Mr. Lonsdale, the business manager, has a comparatively easy time of it, until, in the course of human events, this triumph of aestheticism may be withdrawn for something else, which will certainly not be during this year.

To-morrow (Thursday) evening the stage of the ACADEMY OF MUSIC will be given over to "the wiles, the woes and the willing," to quote a Yorkshire saying, of his noble lord Macbeth and his consort, Mrs. Macbeth, otherwise the Thane's wife. Mrs. J. H. Hackett will be the bright light of the entertainment, and will lend her talents to Shakspeare's heroine for this occasion only. It should not be missed.

The Honorable Lewis Wingfield has not made a success with his new play, "The Bondman," at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Mr. John McCullough did his best with the character of Cade, but Mr. Wingfield's words were too much for him, and the whole thing fell flat. There was nothing in the drama to indicate that Mr. Wingfield has any special aptitude for either dramatic construction or character drawing. We regret the failure of the piece, as public expectation was raised to a high pitch when "The Bondman" was announced. On Monday and Tuesday last Mr. McCullough appeared in "Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin." To-night he plays Othello. On Friday, as *Virginus*, he takes a benefit.



BLAINE LEAVING THE CAPITOL.





CAPITOL.—"I GO—BUT I RETURN!"

## PROBABLE.



"JIMMY, I WONDER IF I'LL EVER HAVE A MONUMENT LIKE THAT?"  
 "YOU MIGHT; BUT I THINK IT 'D POINT IN THE OTHER DIRECTION."

## THE JOSHU-A OF IT.

At Gibeon, when the sun was slow,  
 Declining "down the west" to go,  
 And Amorite stock was quoted low,  
 On rushed the valiant Joshu-a.

Came with him all of Israel's might,  
 With swords and lances gleaming bright,  
 Just spoiling for a good old fight,  
 All bound to slash and swash away.

But Gibeon saw another sight:  
 The moon came out upon the right,  
 And helped the sun to make it light  
 Enough to fight at Ajalon.

They'd scared you with the racket made  
 In this unprecedented raid,  
 When horses neighed and donkeys brayed,  
 If Joshu-a had had you 'long.

The sun, by some uncommon quirk,  
 Its daily journey seemed to shirk;  
 In fact, the old thing wouldn't work—  
 Stood taking in the scenery!

Some of its wheels got out of gear,  
 No grease on hand the cogs to smear;  
 The screws were rusty—something queer  
 About the whole machinery.

The moon, too, had a lunny fit,  
 Refusing to "roll on" a whit;  
 Serenely in the clouds she'd sit  
 And wink toward the Amorite.

Then Joshu-a puts in a claim:  
 "I fixed this business all the same—  
 My little military game  
 To scoop them fellers! Am I right?"

No bill for gas was there to pay.  
 Had Joshu-a not stopped to pray,  
 And t'other army run away,  
 The story had been classic-er;

Still, one may reckon it as quite  
 A scrumptious, though one-sided fight,  
 And may regard it in the light  
 Of—something of a massacre!

When first-class miracles belong  
 To generals, they help along  
 An army, whether right or wrong;  
 With sun and moon, then, can't he

Win all his fights? It fetches things!  
 Such wonders help in other things,  
 As, holding in his hand "five kings,"  
 When Josh played "dollar ante."

SLOWCUS.

## LITERARY NOTES.

We know Christmas is coming along, because Messrs. Porter & Coates have published two handsomely-bound and illustrated books, containing respectively "The Bells" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." We will not call in question the intelligence of our readers by giving the names of the authors.

"Tutti-Frutti" is one of the prettiest books of child songs we have seen for many a day. Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters are responsible for the poetry, which is exquisitely illustrated by W. Clinton Peters. Mirth, jollity and refinement are exhibited throughout this charming work. George W. Harlan, of 19 Park Place, is the publisher.

The latest number of *The Town* has induced us to alter our opinion regarding this publication. It is a solitaire stud superfluity, and demoralizing at that. The Honorable Francis Fitznoodle has told us that there is no society in New York, and no one on this continent is more competent to judge. What, then, do we want of a paper the avowed purpose of which is to chronicle the movements and doings of a parcel of silly people, whose only claim to notoriety lies in their having more money and impudence than their neighbors? We have no objection to these persons enjoying one another's company, but we can assure them that their proceedings, as reported in or out of *The Town*, are of no interest to the world at large. Let the circulation of *The Town*, if it must exist, be confined solely to the male and female noodles it mentions in its columns, and it will then have the distinction of numbering among its readers the largest number of idiots in the community. We will, however, do *The Town* the justice to say that the editor appears to know something of the social life of the "fashionables" of whom he writes.

## MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXIII.—Our New China.

I am not rich, and I am not extraordinarily poor; I am simply a member of the class which they describe as people in comfortable circumstances. My income is sufficient for moderate wants, and even for a dash of luxury, but will not stand the wear and tear of extravagance. I don't object to buying new things, but I do ask that, when they are bought, they shall be compelled to last a good while. Keeping house is an expensive luxury; so is (I say this with tears in my eyes) a wife; so is a boy. I have already experienced the miseries of several Christmases, and have wished that Santa Claus had had the measles when he was young, and there hadn't been a doctor within fourteen hundred miles of his paternal's mansion; but Christmas presents are not my only affliction. Mrs. Lot is very hard on clothes; not that she wears out so many, but that she has an inordinate hankering after the most fashionable kind. And the boy is terrible on clothes. I found him using the sleeves of the last new jacket which I bought him, on the first day he wore it, to rub out chalk-marks with. Of course I enforced the scriptural doctrine: "Spare the rod, spoil the child;" but what's the use? Suppose I do polish him off, boys still will be boys, and wives must have false curls and such things. There is only one thing in the boy's character over which I mourn: he is greedy. On Christmas eve I found him measuring Georgie's and Mrs. Lot's stockings, in order to discover which was the bigger.

And then the food which is consumed in a house is something startling. Mrs. Lot is a terribly healthy woman, with an appetite that would astonish a farmer's household; and the boy is growing, but not fast enough to catch up with his appetite. And our Bridget! Mercy, what a capacity for tucking away victuals that girl possesses! I've heard of a man named Jonah, who swallowed a whale; (or was he swallowed by one?) but, bless you, a whale wouldn't be a decent dessert for our Bridget! Now, I don't in the least object to furnishing the food for those people, but I do think that, when I furnish unlimited quantities of mutton, etc., my family should not be extra particular as to the kind of china off of which the mutton, etc., is to be eaten. And I don't in the least think that I am unreasonable in insisting that the style or age of the china has nothing to do with the quality of the mutton, etc.

When I was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Mrs. Lot, my mother-in-law presented to me a set of china which, I honestly believe, her mother-in-law had presented to her. I don't care to trace its history through its successive owners, but it was as old-fashioned as—well, as old-fashioned as—anyhow, Noah must have used it in the ark. It had disgusting pictures of pheasants and such birds painted on it. Disgusting, I say, for how can a man enjoy corned-beef when it is on a dish which has a fat partridge painted on it? or how can he endure molasses on his griddle-cakes when, right underneath the molasses, is a representation of bees industriously gathering honey? I well remember the speech my mother-in-law made when she presented the aforesaid old china to me.

"My dear Arty," said she (I was christened Arthur, and hate to be called Arty, especially by my mother-in-law): "here is a set of china which has been in our family for a number of years." (Then she said something about heirlooms, which, I have discovered, are things of no earthly value to anybody.) "I dislike very much to part with it; but as it's yours—"

My mother-in-law and I, in those days, used



to pretend that we were uncommonly fond of each other, so I added a word or two.

"Yes," said I: "as it is I."

I may add that my mother-in-law had been very anxious for some years to purchase a new set, but she knew that my father-in-law would not allow her to do so while she possessed that old trumpery.

"I can't bear," said she: "to allow dear Kate to leave, unless she takes something to remember me by."

Then she blubbered, and, I believe, I welled over.

"Take them, Arty," added she: "and take my bl—bl—blessing."

I took them, as a matter of course; but when I told Mrs. Lot about her mother's speech, that clear-sighted little woman simply said:

"Humbug!"

That old china we tucked away in a closet, and we left it there. We never brought it out, except when my mother-in-law visited us, and then we stuffed her with her horrible old pheasants and partridges and bees. The new set, which I bought, lasted some years, and about two years ago I purchased a really magnificent set, as I thought, though I must admit that I have never found Mrs. Lot anxious to brag about it. But then, you know, tastes will differ. There must have been some one, I suppose, who liked the pheasant and bee set.

Unfortunately, as I have herein related, we attended a party at our next-door neighbor's house. Confound that party! I really believe our next-door neighbor's wife gave that *soirée* simply to show a new set of china which her husband had given to her. After we reached our home, I heard nothing but remarks about china, new china, our next door neighbor's china. Mrs. Lot was full of china, Georgie was full of china—that is to say, their heads were full of china. I felt that the storm was gathering, and endeavored to drive my family to bed; but it could not be done. They insisted that everybody should warm his and her toes before we retired. We sat down to warm our toes, and then the storm burst.

"Mr. Lot," said my wife: "we really ought to have a new set of china. When I saw our neighbor's china, I thought how mean our old stuff would look beside it."

Georgie did not open her mouth, but I could see that she was eagerly awaiting my answer.

"But, my dear," said I: "I really can't, now. Perhaps next year we may be able."

"Oh, you can, if you want to," said she: "you know you can."

"Really, my dear," said I: "there is no use in talking about it. I haven't the money."

"You have it," said she: "if you want to use it in that way."

"No, my dear," said I, quite mildly.

Then the full fury of the storm came on.

"Don't my dear me. You're good enough at talking when I don't want anything; but when I do, you never have the money. Oh, no, you haven't the money! A paltry set of china, too! You don't experience any difficulty in finding money when you want anything. You can pay for your club, and your billiards, and your little suppers, but not for a paltry lot of china! Oh, dear, no!"

That woman should certainly have been an actress.

"But, my dear—"

"Don't my dear me! Don't speak to me! I'm going to bed," and off she flounced.

Mrs. Lot has a way of flouncing around and whisking her dress which is at once dangerous and aggravating. Georgie looked at me sorrowfully, and then followed Mrs. Lot up-stairs. I thought over the matter before I retired, and, though I knew that the china must be bought, I resolved to wait for developments.

During the following day Mrs. Lot was as

cool, calm and collected as a well-pickled cucumber. From the manner in which she treated me, you would have imagined that I was some poor boot-black, whom she was taking care of out of charity, or some half-orphan asylum, which she intended to remember in her will. In the evening, I found my mother-in-law on hand, and I very soon discovered that Mrs. Lot had been confidential with my mother-in-law about the china. Mrs. Lot was still cucumberish, while Georgie was uncomfortable and half frightened. I saw that the clouds were gathering around me thicker and darker, but I preserved my mental equilibrium. Presently, on the first convenient opportunity, my mother-in-law started to take me in hand. Now, if there is anything I particularly dislike, it is to be taken in hand by my mother-in-law. What business was it of hers whether we had new china or not? I resolved that, if she aggravated me much, I would bring in her old pheasants and bees, pile them in a heap on the floor, and sit on them.

"My dear Arty," began she.

"Now, my dear mother-in-law," interrupted I: "if you propose to talk china to me, I won't listen to you. I have made up my mind to—"

"To purchase it?" interrupted she.

"To think about it," replied I.

Then she went over to the other females. I was pretending to read the paper, but I was really watching my womenfolk. Presently I saw Mrs. Lot nudge Georgie.

"Mr. Lot," said Georgie, in a timid tone.

"Well, Georgie?" inquired I.

"Are you really going to purchase the china?" asked she, as if frightened at what she was doing.

"I am going to think about it, Georgie."

I glanced at Mrs. Lot, and I saw by the smile which played around her mouth that she felt that she had won her point. Bless me, if she wasn't as good-natured as a kitten; but she wouldn't have melted in her mouth. Nothing more was said about the china during the evening, and we once more became a family. Just before we retired, Georgie came to me and whispered:

"I really thought that you had quarreled."

"Oh, dear, no, Georgie," said I: "that is only a specimen of the way in which women now rule the world."

"Do all married people act so?" inquired she.

"It is to be presumed so," said I.

"Well," said she: "Tom and I never will—never."

"Never is a long period, my dear Georgie."

"Never!" cried she, running away.

I had made up my mind to buy a choice set of Bulwer's works, and I had half promised to join a wine party at Bousaintaur's; but I concluded that both of those things, which were really necessities, must be given up, and the china, an absolutely unnecessary set of useless articles, must be bought. Peace in the household must be purchased, let the price be what it may. Accordingly, I requested Mrs. Lot to go and select the crockery, and to have the bill sent to me.

"Oh, that is so nice; and now we can give a party," said she.

"Yes," chimed in Georgie: "we can give a party like our neighbor's."

Even my mother-in-law was in favor of a party; but then, mothers-in-law always are in favor of parties.

I had expected this, and therefore I said nothing. What's the use? After you have surrendered the fortress, it is childish to squabble about the outworks. The boy was quite interested in the party question, and I heard him mutter:

"Won't I steal the raisins, that's all!"

The china was brought home in the evening, and I directed the man to bring the basket in which it was packed into the parlor. I took

off the coverings in the presence of the whole household. The air resounded with exclamations. Beautifuls, splendids, isn't it gorgeouses and such expressions could have been picked up in that room by the basketful. Mrs. Lot was delighted, Georgie was delighted, and my mother-in-law was delighted, and I'm half inclined to think that I was delighted myself. After we had sufficiently admired it, Bridget was directed by Mrs. Lot to bring a tray and carry the crockery away. Bridget brought an immense tray, and piled every dish upon it before Mrs. Lot observed her performances.

"But, Bridget," said Mrs. Lot: "I did not mean that you should carry them all at once. Do you think you can carry that load?"

"With aise, mum," replied Bridget.

Mrs. Lot, in a polite manner, insinuated that she'd break the girl's neck if she broke a piece, and Bridget started with her load. Now, whether it was that she was dazed by the brilliancy of the crockery, or whether some inequality of the carpet made her stumble, I can't say, but she certainly did fall and did manage to smash the crockery to smithereens.

I looked at Mrs. Lot. For once in her life that estimable lady was struck dumb; for once that tongue, which had never been quiet, ceased to wag. She turned very pale. I did not condole with her, for I knew that the storm must come, and I did not want it to break on my head. As I watched her, I saw the color gradually return to her face. Suddenly she regained her powers of speech, and burst forth.

"You lazy, ignorant thing!" cried she: "Couldn't you carry that china without smashing it? Couldn't you cross the room without treading on your nose? Go! Get your things and go. I don't want you here another day!"

Bridget left the room, and Mrs. Lot subsided into tears.

Poor woman, what could I say to her? There is absolutely nothing to say under such circumstances, and I concluded that I had better confine my remarks to that. But I chuckled—in my sleeve, of course—when I reflected that the party had been knocked in the head. Broken china is not the thing for a first-class entertainment. I felt sorry for the boy, though. Poor boy! His chance of hooking the raisins fled when Bridget fell. China is a word that is never pronounced in our house, now. The old stuff still adorns our table, and I am waiting, with all the patience of a government pensioner, for another attack of the china fever. However, I beg of you, if you should happen to meet my better-half—don't mention china to her.

#### BABY'S APPEAL.

"What makes I cry and folks says Ize naughty?"  
Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouffy;  
Cause, too, can't seep, and worms bites ze belly;  
"Fever," za say, feel like I was jelly.  
Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria,  
When mama 's gone, and don't have CASTORIA.  
"You 're right, they fairly yell." There, Uncle Cy;  
Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

#### "A PIAZZA VICTORY."

A Complete Story in Five Very Interesting Chapters.

By ARTHUR LOT.

Chapter I.—The Trumpet's Call.

Chapter II.—Preparing for Combat.

Chapter III.—Skirmishing.

Chapter IV.—The Battle.

Chapter V.—Victory.

Published in FICTION No. XVII.

A Weekly Story Paper Containing Only Original Stories.

Ten Cents a Copy.—Four Dollars a Year.

READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.

MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.  
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.  
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

# THERE IS BUT ONE GENUINE

ESSENCE OF

Jamaica **GINGER**  
in the market, and  
that is

**Fred'k Brown's**

PHILADELPHIA.

All others are Imitations or  
made to sell on the reputation  
of the ORIGINAL, and may  
do harm, while FREDERICK  
BROWN'S, PHILADELPHIA,  
will always be a blessing in  
**SPRING,**  
**SUMMER,**  
**AUTUMN,**  
**WINTER.**

In all STOMACH DISORDERS,  
For SLEEPLESSNESS,  
For SUDDEN CHILLS,  
When Drenched during the  
EQUINOX,  
When Cold in WINTER,  
When Distressed in SUMMER  
buy a bottle of your Druggist  
or your Grocer for 50 Cents,  
(insist on having the GENU-  
INE given you—FREDERICK  
BROWN'S, PHILADELPHIA,) and you will secure an article  
which will serve you well—  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**

**SMOKE**

**Straiton & Storm's**  
**NEW YORK SEGARS.**

MADE OF PURE TOBACCO.  
For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

**\$72 A WEEK.** \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly  
Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

"Does it pay to steal?" asks the Philadelphia Times. It is a leading question. We cannot stop to discuss it. The gentleman in the neighborhood of the roost will please hand down another chicken.—*Elmira Free Press.*

THE MINING RECORD, of New York, is entirely devoted to Mining, especially of Gold and Silver. It contains the latest reports from all the mining districts, and an exhaustive review of the Mining Stock Markets. A. R. Chisolm, proprietor, No. 61 Broadway, New York. Sample Copies free.

## The New Stock Exchange.

Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, and many other gentlemen and ladies, too, will find very interesting reading matter on another page under the head of "A Square Offer."

## NO CHRISTMAS TABLE

Should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS the world renowned Appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

THEISS' CONCERTS, 14th ST., NEAR 6th AVE.  
EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

## FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

This complete and elegant book should be in every School, Public Library, Office and Home in the land, as it embraces interesting and valuable instruction for Old and Young. No Tourist or Traveler should be without it. 201 FLAGS, PILOT and ALPHABETICAL SIGNALS. Beautifully Lithographed, Correctly Colored, and endorsed by the Consuls of the Different Nations as to their accuracy. For sale by all first-class booksellers, or sent by mail to any address, handsomely bound in Cloth and Gold, for \$1.00.

CHAS. TOLLNER, JR.,  
Classon and Park Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
N. B.—CARD COLLECTORS, I will send samples of 72 Flags for 25c.; full set of 201 Flags for 60c.

## ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

A FINE STOCK OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN UMBRELLAS

IN VERY CHOICE MOUNTINGS,

**FOR THE HOLIDAYS.**

BROADWAY AND 19th ST.

## ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.

### HOLIDAY NOVELTIES

in Silk Hosiery.

**COLORS:** Bronze, Plum, Terra Cotta, Tabac, Dragon Green, and many other beautiful shades.  
**DENTELLES** in new and very choice designs. Black spun and bright silk in all grades. Extra heavy fleeced black spun silk. A very choice stock of **GENTLEMEN'S SILK HALF HOSE**, plain solid colors, embroidered and Roman styles.

BROADWAY AND 19th ST.

### 30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances to those suffering from Nervous Debility and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.



### COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

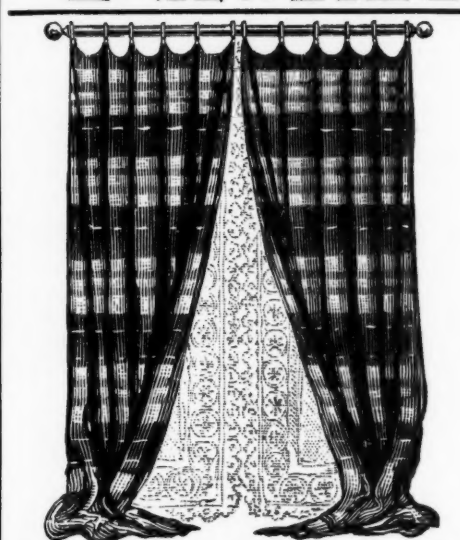
This easy-running, staunch and durable roadster is the favorite with riders, its superiority in beauty, structure and finish being acknowledged by all; it is confidently guaranteed as the best value for the money attained in a Bicycle. Send 3c. stamp for 24-page Catalogue, containing price-list and full information.

THE POPE MFG CO.,  
575 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

**THOS. BAILEY** Plumber and Practical  
Sanitary Engineer,  
10th Avenue cor. 151st St., N. Y.

## JENNINGS' SANITARY DEPOT

JENNINGS' PATENT WATER CLOSETS,  
No 7 Bushing St., N. Y.



Nothing will give such an air of cosiness and comfort to any room as a handsome Drapery and a pair of Lace Curtains for the window.

No more appropriate present could be selected for Christmas than a Set, represented by the above cut.

The Turkoman Drapery is made of heavy raw silk, Jute and Gold Tinsel in brilliant colorings. The Lace Curtain is a pretty Nottingham with bar and rings complete. The whole can be bought at **H. C. F. KOCH & SON, 6th Av. and 20th St., for \$12.50 a window.**

Their stock of Appliqué, Antique, Swiss and Nottingham Curtains, fine silk and wool Curtain Draperies, Cornices, Bars and Fringes, is selected with the well-known good taste of this popular Sixth Avenue establishment, and their prices are, as usual, lower than those of any other house.

A large invoice of

### SMYRNA RUGS

has just been received and will be retailed at about one-half the regular prices.

German and Scotch Table Damasks, Napkins, Silk and Wool Piano and Table Covers for the Holidays at specially low prices.

All departments on ground floor.

No stairs. No elevators.

**H. C. F. KOCH & SON,**

Sixth Avenue,

102, 104, 106 W. 20th Street.



### Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards

The Magician's own cards for performing wonderful tricks. Every man and boy a conjuror. Every girl a Witch. Everybody astounded. Some of the most remarkable illusions ever known can be performed with these cards. European magicians use these cards with wonderful dexterity, and surprise every one with their marvelous feats. Complete directions with every set. By mail, 10 cents; 4 packs for 25 cents, with a

40 Page Ill. Book Free. E. NASON, 111 Nassau St., New York.

**\$5 to \$20** per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.



## Beautiful Holiday Presents. EXTRAORDINARY OFFER. Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes.

During the next 30 days everybody may have either the Electric Hair or Flesh Brush ON TRIAL. They are Pure Bristles, not Wires, and if they fail to cure Headaches, Neuralgia, or Rheumatism, etc., in a few minutes, or quickly cure Baldness, Falling Hair, and Dandruff, the Price will be refunded at all Drug and Fancy Stores. Sent on the same terms, Post Paid, on receipt of \$3.00, by The Fall Mall Electric Association, 842 Broadway, New York.

### A SQUARE OFFER.

Let intending purchasers price in any store where they sell only first-class goods one to any number of articles in Housefurnishing Hardware, China, Glass, Crockery, Dinner and Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, Cutlery, Silverware, Brass and Copper goods, Fire Sets, &c., &c., then come to the Executors' sale now going on daily in the Cooper Institute, and I will beat the prices quoted, and besides give **TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT OFF** all orders over five dollars. An elegant assortment of strictly first-class all new goods, being sold off cheap to close estate. Holiday presents can be selected now and delivered any time ordered. Good chance! Great variety beautiful useful articles. Note of Caution.—When you come to Cooper Institute, corner 8th st., 3d and 4th avs., do **NOT** go in the corner store by mistake. The corner store is not "Bassford's." Bassford's is **NEXT DOOR** to the corner. E. D. BASSFORD, Executor.

Store open to 9 o'clock every night. Out-of-town orders promptly shipped. Remit by draft, P. O. order, or will send C. O. D. Price lists free.

### HOLIDAY SEASON 1881 AND 1882.



**Pachtmann & Moelich,**  
363 CANAL ST., N. Y.,

Have on sale the largest and best Assortment of WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS, RINGS, PINS, EAR-RINGS, BRACELETS, and in fact every article of Jewelry suitable for Holiday Gifts for both Gentlemen and Ladies, at unusually favorable prices. WATCHES FROM \$6 TO \$150. Parties living at a distance can have a new 30-page illustrated Catalogue mailed free on receipt of their address.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

Enoch Morgan's Sons'

## SAPOLIO

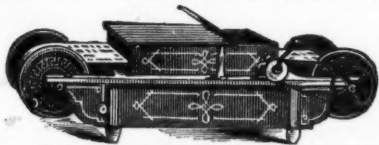
Is BETTER and CHEAPER than SOAP—

FOR CLEANING AND POLISHING  
ALL HOUSEHOLD WARES.

ONE CAKE WILL DO MORE WORK THAN THREE  
PACKAGES OF ANY OTHER SCOURING SOAP.

—BEWARE of goods claimed to be as good as  
**SAPOLIO.**  
All of them are Imitations.

## THE ORGUINETTE



IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR  
AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguinettes, Musical Cabinets, and Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warerooms in the world.

No. 831 Broadway,

Between 12th and 13th Sts. NEW YORK.

**THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.**

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for Circular

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address,  
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

### A SOAPSUDS IDYLL.

Her arms were white as milky curds;  
Her speech was like the song of birds;  
Her eyes were gray as mountain lakes  
Where dream of shadow stirs and breaks.  
Her gown was print—her name was Sally—  
Her summer years were barely twenty—  
She dropped the soap to glance and dally—  
And then the dimples came in plenty!  
I praised her fingers, dripping sweet,  
Where warmth and whiteness seemed to meet—  
I made her blush and made her pout,  
And watched her wring the linen out.  
Oh, to meet her in the valley!  
Snatch her hand, and call her Sally!  
Oh, to find her on the hill,  
Kiss, and call her Sally still!  
Oh, to clasp her quite alone,  
And call her Sally of one's own!  
Thyme and majoram were sweet,  
All the lavender was blowing—  
Through the honeysucked heat  
Bees were coming, bees were going.  
—May Probyn, in Philadelphia Press.

### Fine Brass Fire Sets,

Copper, Brass and Fancy Coal Hods,  
Elegant Holiday Presents, Cutlery,  
China, &c., selling off cheap at Exe-  
cutor's Sale, E. D. BASSFORD'S,  
Cooper Institute. Ten per cent extra  
discount off all orders over five dollars

### THE GRAND CHRISTMAS STORY.

#### "TWO KISSES."

By the author of "Dora Thorne."

Just out in the CHRISTMAS NUMBER of

### THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

Sold by all Newsdealers. INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO.,  
New York, General Agents.

## NICOLL The Tailor,

620 BROADWAY,

And Nos. 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Pants to order..... \$4 to \$10.

Suits to order..... \$15 to \$40.

Winter Overcoats, from \$15 up.

Samples with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent free to every part of the United States. Branch stores in all principal cities.

### HOLIDAY GIFTS.

**VAN KLEECK, CLARK & CO.,**  
No. 235 BROADWAY, opposite POST-OFFICE.

Large variety of VASES, PLAQUES, NOVELTIES in PORCELAIN, great number of beautiful articles in OLIVE WOOD, BRONZE, BRASS, PLUSH and LEATHER. "ODOOR CASES," with LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES. POCKETBOOKS, LETTER and CARD CASES, PORTFOLIOS, CIGAR and CIGARETTE CASES, POCKET TOILET CASES, FLASKS, MATCH BOXES and STANDS, and numerous other articles of foreign and domestic make.

### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS,

All makers and beautiful hand printed designs.

SEND 12c. IN STAMPS FOR COPYRIGHTED "NINE Letter Puzzle" and about the \$25 reward. Address N. L. P. Co., 446 Broome St., N. Y. City.

**BEATTY'S** ORGANS 27 stops, to set reeds only \$90. Pianos \$125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

### WITH THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

## "UM DIE WELT"

(Around the World)

will be issued a gratuitous colored supplement drawn by

JOSEPH KEPPLER,

entitled:

"Oh, there 's Santa Claus!"

This work of art is executed in the highest style of chromo-lithography, six colors being used for the purpose. No handsomer picture has ever been presented in this country to the subscribers to an American illustrated paper.

## "UM DIE WELT"

(Around the World)

is the only high-class illustrated paper in the German language ever published in this country. The pictures are the work of the best artists, and depict forcibly current events in all parts of the world, and objects of artistic interest worthy of reproduction.

The illustrations of incidents are strictly what they purport to be, and not imaginary delineations of anticipated occurrences. No Pains or Expense will be spared to make "UM DIE WELT" always worthy of a high place in American journalism, and of the support of our German fellow-citizens.

Ten Cents per Copy. Five Dollars per Year.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers,

21 & 23 Warren St. NEW YORK.



"Oh, there 's Santa Claus!"

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,  
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.  
No. 212 BROADWAY,  
Corner Fulton Street.  
STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.  
All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.



**ANGOSTURA  
BITTERS.**

**BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.**  
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

**J. W. WUPPERMANN,**  
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX),

Sole Agent for the United States.

51 Broadway,

NEW YORK.

**LYON & HEALY**  
63 and 65 Monroe St., Chicago  
Will send prepaid to any address their  
**BAND CATALOGUE.**  
for 1881, 190 pages, 260 Engravings of  
instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts, Pom-  
poms, Epaulettes, Cap Lamp, Stands,  
Drum Major's Sticks and Hats, Sundry  
Band Outfits, Repairing Materials; also in-  
cludes instruction and exercises for amateur  
Bands, and a catalogue of choice Band Music.

**\$66** a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free.  
Address H. HALLETT & Co. Portland, Maine.

**DECKER'S**



**POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,**  
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior  
to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.  
Good second-hand tables always on hand.  
**WAREHOUSES, 726 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

**KNOX,  
THE HATTER'S**  
WORLD RENOWNED

THE long mid-winter visits take the form of the pelisse, says a fashion item. This is comforting. Heretofore long mid-winter visits have usually taken the form of the maiden aunt or the remote cousin. The pelisse can be no worse. By the way, what under the cerulean dome is a pelisse, anyhow?—*Peoria Transcript.*

THREE years ago a rich Californian was saved from drowning by a poor but honest boy of sixteen years of age. Two weeks ago the man died, and left \$25,000 to—to a missionary society. Thus illustrating the proverb that none but the brave deserve to be remembered.—*Norristown Herald.*

"No," said the gilded youth of the lady to whom he is devoted: "she isn't such a remarkably charming girl. I don't care so much about her on that account. But there's the pleasure of knowing that I'm keeping her from six or seven other fellows who adore her. It's great!"  
—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a man comes out in a crowd, and says he will not run for office, he reminds one very much of that other man who pinned a temperance pledge on his coat, so that some one would ask him to drink under the mistaken impression that he would refuse.—*Texas Siftings.*

Few complexions can bear the strong white morning light which exposes every speck of tan, every pimple and the slightest spotting of eczema. In Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is sure relief from the annoyance of these blemishes on the cheek of beauty.

**ESTERBROOK'S PENS.**

All Stationers have them.

**M. METZ.**  
STEAM PAMPHLET & BOOK BINDER,  
No. 51 BEEKMAN STREET.

ENGLISH HATS,  
"Martin's" Umbrellas.  
"DENTS" GLOVES.  
Foreign Novelties.  
QUALITY—THE BEST!!

**DECKER  
BROTHERS'  
PIANOS,**  
33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

Did you ever use RICKSECKER'S SKIN SOAP?  
It Softens and Whitens the Skin. It is made exclusively of Balmey Vegetable Oils, no Animal Fat, no Coloring Matter, no Aduiterations, no Perfume. Keeps the hands soft and white in coldest weather. Large economical tablets 25 cents each. Druggists or by mail, on receipt of ten 3c. stamps.  
**THEO. RICKSECKER, Perfumer,**  
146 William St., N. Y.

Shaving Made Easy!  
**"VROOM & FOWLEE'S" SHAVING SOAP**  
gives a quick, soft, lasting lather. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty cents.  
**C. H. Rutherford,**  
26 Liberty St., N. Y.  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

First Prize M. del.  
Vienna, 1873.



**C. WEIS,**  
Manufacturer of  
**Meerschbaum Pipes,**  
SMOKERS' ARTICLES, &c.,  
Wholesale and Retail. Repairing done. Circular free.  
399 Broadway, New York.  
Factories: No. 69 Walker Street and Vienna.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

The Oldest and Best of all  
**STOMACH BITTERS,**  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
**L. FUNKE, JR.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 John Street, New York.



**HOLIDAY PRESENTS.**

A large assortment of fine MEERSCHAUM PIPES, and CIGAR-HOLDERS, as well as AMBER GOODS, all of our own manufacture, always on hand at CARL STEHR'S, 347 Broome Street, under the Occidental Hotel.

**ASTHMA**

Quickly and  
Permanently

**CURED**

Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequalled as a positive Alternative and Cure for Asthma and Dyspepsia, and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. B. F. Lee, of Belmont, O., says of it: "I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectation easy. I now sleep all night without coughing." If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to  
**H. P. K. PECK & CO.,**  
853 Broadway, New York.

**AMERICAN**

**Star Soft Capsules.**



CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST,  
AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.

GENUINE ONLY IN  
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with  
Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.

**Victor E. Mauger & Petrie,**  
110 Reade Street, New York.

**HOPE FOR THE DEAF**

**Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums**

**PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING**  
and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address,  
**H. P. K. PECK & CO., 853 Broadway, New York.**

**TAPE WORM.**

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to  
**H. EICKHORN** No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.



This  
Cut Shows  
the  
Exact Size  
of  
the Watch.

Only 7 Dollars

**HUNTING CASE WATCH**  
IMITATION GOLD!

We now offer to the readers of this paper a first-class watch in every particular. Heretofore a low-priced watch has been the poorest of investments, being of no value as a time-keeper, and a constant source of annoyance and expense to its owner. The Watch we offer you is a marvel of accuracy and cheapness, and we are now, for the first time in the world's history, able to offer a low-priced, perfectly reliable Watch, suitable for use on Railroads, Steamers, and other places where accurate time is required. The annexed cut shows the exact size of the Watch; the movements are nickelled and Swiss make, known the world over for their excellency and fine finish. The case is finished from a composition of metals so closely resembling gold, that it is almost impossible for the best judges to distinguish the difference. It is the best substitute for Gold ever discovered and will stand the acid test. There is now a growing demand for just such a watch, and we propose to sell a limited number at a special low price, and we believe the vast army of Professional Men, School Teachers, Mechanics, Farmers and Laborers, will appreciate this bargain, and continue to purchase from us other goods, as shown in our Illustrated Catalogue.

**OUR GRAND OFFER!** In order to more thoroughly introduce our goods in the United States, we make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of only \$7.00 and this advertisement, we will forward, all charges prepaid, and guarantee to reach you in good order, one of the above described watches, securely packed in a wooden case. We can only send out a limited number of these watches at price named, and to protect ourselves from jewelers and others ordering in quantities, we will insert this advertisement in this paper but one time, hence, require you to cut it out and send to us with your order, that we may know you are entitled to the benefits of this offer. Under no circumstances will we sell more than one watch at above price to any one person, but if others are desired we will furnish them at regular catalogue price. Many of our agents sell this watch at from \$20.00 to \$25.00. We will mail you a catalogue at same time we send watch, and feel sure you will be so well satisfied that you will show catalogue and watch to your friends, thus assisting us in selling other goods of standard quality, which are manufactured from new and original designs, and which we guarantee to give satisfaction. We will be responsible for money if sent by Registered Letter, P. O. Money Order, or Draft made payable to our firm. We will send the Watch C. O. D. with privilege of examination, provided you send \$4.00 to guarantee us against loss by express charges; but if you send us full amount with your order, we will prepay all shipping charges and ship watch on day order is received. As to our responsibility, we refer you to any Bank in this City. If you do not order at once preserve this advertisement for future use. If you send us \$1.00 extra when you order Watch, we will send a handsome Watch Chain and Charm made from a composition metal resembling gold.

Address **G. W. PETTIBONE & CO., No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York City.**



# STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

## An Elegant Christmas Present is

one of the famous Vienna Coffee Pots imported direct by E. D. Bassford, Cooper Institute, and retailed by him, during the holidays, as follows: 2 and 3 cup, \$4.00; 4 cup, \$5.00; 6 cup, \$6.00; 8 cup, \$7.00; 10 cup, \$8.00; 12 cup, \$9.00. This is the Genuine Vienna Pot, Burnished, Brass and Porcelain. Ten per cent discount taken off all purchases over five dollars. Cutlery, China, Glass, Brass Goods, &c. Out of town orders promptly filled. Remit P. O. Order, Draft or Registered Letter, or will send C. O. D. Price lists free.

USE

## MORGAN'S HAND SAPOLIO

The Best Toilet and Bath Soap  
in the World.

Removes Tan, Ink and All Stains,  
Leaving the Skin Soft and White.



"JUST OUT."  
BOOK OF INSTRUCTION  
IN THE USE OF  
**INDIAN CLUBS,  
DUMB-BELLS,**

And other exercises. Also in the Games of  
**QUOITS, ARCHERY, ETC.**

Fully illustrated, bound in cloth. Price 25  
Cents. SENT TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.  
ON THE RECEIPT OF 30c POSTAGE STAMPS.  
M. BORNSTEIN, Publisher,  
15 Ann St. New York.

Yes, dear, it has come at last. I am about to marry the object of my choice, the plumber of my affections. I shall now have all that heart can desire or money buy. Our lives shall flow together like—you remember, dear, that lovely passage from Ingomar—"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that burst—" well, something of that kind.—*New York Commercial.*

THE missionaries in China refuse to admit converts to church-membership unless they give up opium-smoking. We never heard of the question being asked a convert here at home whether he smoked opium, drank whiskey or chewed plug tobacco. But maybe there is something in the revised edition that prohibits opium-smoking.—*Peck's Sun.*

HIRAM GREEN, Esq., was lugging up coal, when he stubbed his toe and fell, causing him to accidentally let slip a cuss-word. "Hain't you 'shamed of yourself! Where do you expect you'll go to when you die?" asked his wife. "To a place where I shan't have to lug coal, by thunder!" and the laity justiss continued on.—*Whitehall Times.*

"LEOPOLD": It doesn't make any difference about your girl being a princess; the candy racket works equally well on all classes of society. Two nights per week is often enough to call.—*New York Graphic.*

GLADSTONE says the fear of becoming ridiculous is the best guide in life. Ladies who follow the fashion are without a guide.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The ladies who sometime since were unable to go out, having taken Lydia E. Pinkhams Vegetable Compound are quite recovered, and have gone on their way rejoicing.

## MC CANN'S HATS

\$2.90 FOR A \$5.00 SILK HAT.  
\$1.75 FOR A \$2.50 SOFT HAT.  
\$2.40 FOR A \$3.50 DERBY HAT.

218 BOWERY.

SKATES! SKATES!

Large stock at 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$7.50. Send for Price-List. CARL RECHT, 183 Bowery.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Sent Free.  
(new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

# SOHMER

PIANOS.  
PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.  
Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

## F. Krutina Furniture

SALES-ROOMS,

842 BROADWAY, COR. 13TH STREET, AND  
96 and 98 E. HOUSTON STREET.

## A. WEIDMANN & CO.,

306 BROADWAY,

Cor. Duane Street, NEW YORK.

BRANCH: No. 244 GRAND ST., Near Bowery.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

## TOYS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other  
Material for Costumes, Fireworks, etc.

Catalogues sent on Application.

## F. J. KALDENBERG.

MANUFACTURER OF

MEERSCHAUM PIPES,

IVORY GOODS,

SMOKERS' ARTICLES, &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. REPAIRING DONE. CIRCULAR FREE.

125 Fulton St., and No. 6 Astor House.

SEND two three cent stamps and get twelve Fancy Cards.  
WHITING, 50 Nassau Street, New York.

## KEEP'S SHIRTS.

ALWAYS THE BEST.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS,

6 for \$6; easily finished.

KEEP'S PERFECT FITTING CUSTOM

SHIRTS, 6 for \$9, to measure.

PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FALL UNDERWEAR.

White and Scarlet Knit all wool and Flannel, at lowest cash

prices, viz: 55c., 75c., \$1.20, \$1.35 and upwards.

SCARFS AND NECKWEAR

In all the Leading Novelties and Latest Styles.

COLLARS, CUFFS, JEWELRY, HANDKERCHIEFS,

GLOVES and UMBRELLAS.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

112 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

341 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

637 & 1193 BROADWAY. 80 NASSAU ST

## WM. NEELY.

## BOOTS & SHOES

348 Bowery, Cor. Great Jones St.

WHOLESALE HOUSE, CORNER CHURCH AND DUANE STREETS.

A full line of E. C. Burt's Fine Shoes.

All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

Fall and Winter Styles Now Ready.



AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Address  
RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

## Six Valuable Christmas Presents Free to All!

YOU CAN SECURE ALL THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS NAMED  
IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT AT NO COST WHATSOEVER! Read the Conditions! We publish a splendid  
Eight-page, 32-column Agricultural and Home Paper entitled *The Rural Home Journal*, at the low price of Fifty Cents per  
Year! It is handsomely illustrated, and is  
filled with instructive and useful reading  
matter for every member of the rural house-  
hold. Its contents embrace Agriculture,  
Horticulture, Household Topics, Ladies' Fancy  
Work, Stories, Poetry, News, Wit and Hu-  
mor, Exposures of Humbugs, etc., etc. It is  
in every respect a complete family paper, and  
every number contains hints and suggestions  
alone worth the subscription price. We wish  
to obtain 100,000 new subscribers at once, we  
make this great offer: Upon receipt of only  
Fifty Cents in postage stamps we will send  
*The Rural Home Journal* for One  
Year, and to every subscriber we will send,  
Free and post-paid, Six Valuable and  
Useful Premiums, as follows: 1. A  
Handsome Autograph Album, bound  
in leatherette, or imitation leather, with em-  
bossed design on cover—a neat and service-  
able book. 2. Gold-Plated Finger  
Ring, a plain ring of good quality of gold  
plate, durable, and suitable for either lady  
or gentleman. 3. Imitation Coral  
Beaded Pin, of a new and very handsome  
design, which will be much admired. 4. Buckner's Musical Chart, by the aid of which any one may learn to play upon the  
Piano, Organ or Melodeon in a short time. 5. Ten Perforated Card Bead Motions, for working with worsted or silk into  
book-marks or other souvenirs. 6. The Mechanical Grasshopper, a new and amusing Christmas toy, which will delight the  
whole family with its antics. Remember, we send all of these valuable and useful articles absolutely free to all who send fifty cents  
for a year's subscription to *The Rural Home Journal*. We make this great offer simply to introduce our paper and obtain thousands  
of new subscribers. It is one chance in a life-time to get a very large return for a very small sum of money. Think of it! a splendid  
paper a whole year for only fifty cents, with six valuable and useful premiums free! We offer no cheap trash, but only articles of  
genuine value and usefulness, and a paper exalted by none. All orders filled promptly, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money  
refunded. As to our reliability we refer to any publisher in New York, likewise to the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long in  
business, are well-known, and our reputation is established. If you will show this advertisement and get up a club of four, we will  
send you an extra copy with the premiums free for your trouble. Send at once for this unprecedented bargain. Address,  
F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 37 Park Place, New York.



